The Fly;

OR,

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

BY SIMON SCRIBBLE & CO.

"Come ye whom SCIENCE chose to guide
"Her unpolluted stream along;
"Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
"And to its taste allure the YOUNG."

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Original.

FOR THE FLY.

THE ENQUIRER.....No. VII.

"With candor search the human race around,
"See and report where sweet CONTENT's found.
"Among the great, where reigns perpetual strife?
"Or with the *virtuous poor*, in humbler life.
"Does it in stately domes of splendor dwell?
"Or is it found beneath the straw-roof cell.
"Yes, often has CONTENTMENT calmly slept
"Beneath a thatched cot, or humble shed,
"While waking misery, in anguish wept
"In gilded walls, upon a downy bed."

THE questions in my last, seem to have excited the curiosity and interest of the public, as I have received an overflow of solutions from all quarters, which, notwithstanding their unusual multiplicity, all approximate to the same point; though in various paths, and by different methods.

It was not my intention to attack any individual sentiment or prevailing maxim; but when I imagine myself or my friend, in an error I cannot think it unjust to give the principle a candid discussion, before I fix my opinion.

It being impossible to insert more than one answer, I have selected the following, as combining the leading principles with perspicuity and conciseness:

TO "THE ENQUIRER."

"SIR—

"IN your last number, the questions you presented, display a field, worthy the investigetion of any stroller in the walks of science and literature. In my opinion they are so nearly allied, that they can be both answered under one head, or indeed, that they cannot be properly answered under distinct ones. I have been from time to time highly pleased with the numbers you have given us; from which, I will not deny, I have derived instruction as well as amusement. Conscious of being the least capable of adding to public instruction I have till now forborne to answer your enquiries; nor do I at this time undertake it with any increased assurance, but from the fear that no one else will answer it upon the same grounds which I should propose; so without further preamble, if you think this worthy a place below the head of "ENQUIRER," and some appropriate motto, I shall perhaps in future, entertain a higher opinion of my own *worthiness*.

"When "*Original* (or any other) *Maxims*," are offered the public, as a fund of wisdom and instruction, they certainly *ought* to be founded on *truth*.—This opinion will doubtless be granted:—Now then, on the contrary, if they are tried by that standard, and found to be *false*, it is a question worthy of attention, whither, instead of informing and reforming the readers, they will not have a tendency to mislead their judgment, and implant the "*seeds of error*" in their breasts, which, may be, can never be effectually eradicated. I believe this to be the case.; and am convinced, from your *selecting* the question from a collection of "original maxims," that you are of the same opinion.

"Poverty is the mother of vice." Then it is a man's misfortune to be vicious!—The hand of an all wise Providence, which smites his flocks and herds, blasts his fields, takes from him his neareſt and dearest friends, and deprives him of comfort and sustenance; creates, encourages and increases vice!—blasphemy. No, "Man waxeth *rich*, and forgetteth the Almighty, he is lifted up with worldly prosperity and regardeth not the precepts of wisdom;" he is ther more liable to encounter and less able to withstand the temptations of vice, than the indigent; he is rich and dissipated; proud, haughty, vain, cruel, oppressive and unjust.—This man's *prosperity* may be said to be the parent of vice:—So VICE is oftener the offspring of *riches* than *poverty*.

"*Is* POVETY *the Mother of* VICE?" No, poverty was antiently ranked among the *virtues*, and it is not very consistent to suppose that vice can spring from virtue. Riches, certainly begets indolence, and *indolence* may, with much more propriety, be termed the *Mother* of vice, and prosperity at farthest its *Grandmother*.

"Vice is defined by most authors—a *habit contrary to virtue*; a course of action incompatible with integrity and justice, viz. licentiousness, debauchery, &c. Now, without riches, there would be no prodigality, no licentiousness, &c. and consequently no *habitual* vice. I grant that the poor man when struggling with a load of misfortunes is often obliged, or induced to commit actions which his cooler reason and better judgment cannot but condemn; but though this *may* be considered a *crime* it cannot be deemed a *vice*. Whence proceed the *habitual vices* or *vicious habits*, of avarice, dissipation, intoxication, &c.—but from riches? Does it appear reasonable to suppose, that the man who was never in a situation to feel the temptations of *dissipation*, should of his own inclination become addicted to it? Certainly not. In short, VIRTUE is oftener the inmate of a cottage, the sure companion of *contentment*, than the inhabitant of a palace, where gilded misery and discontent are generally found.

"I do not assert that riches are incompatible with virtue, for it is true, the rich possess more largely the means of being virtuous, and *sometimes* use their abilities to advantage; but it is equally true, that the extensiveness of their means is often, too often the barrier that prevents their application.

"I have said that CONTENTMENT is the companion of *virtue*, which I believe will not be disputed, though perhaps it *may* admit of exceptions. The person who is conscious of willfully committing no error, but on the contrary acts, in all he does, from principles which he believes correct, and does, to the utmost of his po[illegible]r and capacity, to effect the good of all about him, cannot be far from a contented mind; at least it will be allowed to be the best method of procuring one. ALBERT."

Contentment, is that state of the mind when it is not only free from all anxiety and uneasiness, but possesses a serenity and pleasure in itself. It is the offspring of a pure and unsullied mind—a heart warmed with benevolence, and a good conscience. It never visits where dissipation holds her midnight revels, or "ghastly spectres haunt the guilty breast." It is the solace of the poor man, when every other comfort fails, and gives a true idea of heaven hereafter. "A contented mind is a continual feast." Yes! it is surely a feast, since it supplies the place of every other good; for

"Man wants but little here below
"Nor wants that little long."

An elegant writer observes, that, "the tree, which an American, on the banks of the Oronoque, has chosen, to climb for a retreat, &

the lodgment of his family, is to *him* a convenient dwelling. The ſopha, the vaulted dome or the colonade, do not more effectually content their native inhabitant."

By doing good to our fellow creatures, by ſympathiſing with the afflicted, and ſupporting the indigent, on whom "the ſmiling rays of fortune never ſhone," we may obtain that calm and contented mind, that pleaſing tranquility which never attends but on the truly good and juſtly great.

Qr. 1. Fair ladies, you who every heart engage, tell me what is LOVE, that ſoft, that tender paſſion which you create, and which you alone can reward?

Qr. 2. What is friendſhip? and what are its duties and offices?

*CHARLOTTE S**** CONCLUDED.*

HARRIET left the country about a week before me, in company with the daughter of her grand-aunt, the ſick lady whom ſhe went out to viſit. On my arrival in town, I went immediately to ſee her; and found her at home along with her Mama. After ſome commonplace chit chat between ourſelves, the converſation took a general turn; in the courſe of which, Mrs. B*** took occaſion to obſerve, that ſhe was very ſorry I had attempted what would reflect no honor upon me, but ſubject me to the imputation of poſſeſſing the moſt conſummate vanity. "Ma'am!" was my reply, in a tone of unaffected ſurpriſe. "I ſay," ſhe returned, "that it is a pity you ſhould have ſuffered your imprudence, or what all here call your vanity, to induce you to *boaſt* of being the writer of a letter which is univerſally termed—*girliſh—nonſenſical—light—unmeaning—low*, &c." "I profeſs ma'am, I do not underſtand you." "O do not attempt to conceal it now," returned ſhe, "it is too late; every body that knows you are ſpeaking of what *they* term your folly and vanity." "Pray explain yourſelf Mrs. B***." "You muſt be ſenſible, CHARLOTTE, that I allude to *your* letter which was publiſhed in "*The Fly*," addreſſed to the "INSPECTOR GENERAL," in anſwer to that writer's diſſertation on Faſhion." I looked at HARRIET, and thought I could diſcover a conſcious glow of guilt on her countenance. "Who ever aſſerted that I wrote that letter?" "Why yourſelf," ſaid ſhe; "and who heard me, ma'am?"—She turned to HARRIET without ſpeaking. The light inſtantly flaſhed on my mind. I aroſe in ſilence, and left the houſe, though they both wiſhed to detain me. On enquiry I ſoon learnt that HARRIET, on her arrival in town, boaſted of having written it herſelf; but ſoon hearing ſome obſervations not much to its credit, ſhe immediately "ſheered about," and induſtriouſly circulated it at my expenſe, until it was generally believed that I was the *ſole* author, whereas in fact I dictated but one ſentence, and that was the laſt, which was almoſt wholly unconnected with the ganeral ſubject of the epiſtle; but I had the ſatisfaction to learn alſo, that the ridicule attached to the peice had been greatly exaggerated by my two *very good friends*.

I then reſolved to drop all intercourſe with the family, and to requeſt you to publiſh a correct account of the whole affair, that the public may not give me *credit* for what I never wrote, and that ſhe may ſee it is in my power to expoſe her to the whole world was I ill-natured enough to do it.—She muſt here recogniſe herſelf.

Thus I have given you and myſelf the trouble to attend to this enormous long letter, which if you refuſe to inſert I ſhall be extremely angry with you. I will however give you leave, if you think proper, to publiſh a part of it only at a time, that is if its length affrights you.

I muſt now bid you adieu for the preſent, and remain, Yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE S***.

ANSWERS,

TO MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN OUR LAST.

FOR THE FLY.

MESSRS EDITORS,

By the addition of the letter E, to the letters ſpecified in your laſt number you have the following couplet in verſe. Yours, MERCATOR.

PeRSeVeRe Ye PeREeCT MeN,
eVeR KeeP THeSe PReCePTS TeN.

FOR THE FLY.

From *Monoſyllable* the letters *M. O* take,
And what remains *no-ſyllable* will make.

FOR THE FLY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following anſwers to the queſtions in your laſt are reſpectfully ſubmitted by

H. G. W.

1.—DIOCLESIAN reigned twenty years; at the end of which time he abdicated the empire and obliged his coleague to do the ſame.
2.—Conſtantius Chlorus and Maximian Armentarius, reigned after Diocleſian.
3.—In the year 273 was Conſtantine born.
4.—The Franks were Germans, who ſettled in Gaul, and became famous under the name of the *French*.
5.—Conſtantine embraced chriſtianity in the year 312.
6.—It is probable that his mother, who was a chriſtian, early inſpired him with a veneration for the chriſtian religion.—But he was induced to make an avowal of his ſentiments by the following circumſtance: When he was marching againſt Marcutius, a luminous croſs appeared in the heavens with this inſcription "In this thou ſhalt conquer."
7.—At the beginning of his reign he choſe Licirius for his coleague, but he, revolting againſt Conſtantine, was defeated and ſlain by the emperor in the year 324.
8.—Conſtantine experienced a heavy affliction in the death of his ſon Criſpus, cauſed by a falſe accuſation of his ſtep-mother Fauſta.
9 & 11.—He enlarged the city of Byzantaum, adorned it with the ſpoils of all the cities in the empire—and made it the ſeat of the eaſtern empire.
10.—Conſtantine was ſucceeded by his 3 ſons, the eldeſt of which had Gaul and the weſtern provinces—the ſecond had Aſia, the eaſtern provinces, and Egypt—the youngeſt had Rome, Italy, Sicily and Africa.
12.—Julian affected to prefer a quiet and retired life. applied himſelf cloſely to ſtudy and became very learned. His frequent intercourſe with ſeveral pagan philoſophers, it is conjectured, corrupted him, and led him ſecretly to renounce Chriſtianity, in which he had been educated.

THE SHRUBBERY.

A TALE.

Selected from an intereſting work called "The Moraliſt."

YOUNG MELMOTH went down in the ſummer to his father's ſeat in Weſtmoreland, where, being of an active diſpoſition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favourite authors, he frequently amuſed himſelf with the ſports of the field. He was one day ſo warmly engaged in the purſuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lake of that romantic country, that he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the ſolemn colouring of this magnificent ſcene, the laſt gleam of ſunſhine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep ſerene of the waters, and the long ſhadows of the mountains thrown acroſs them till they nearly touched the hithermoſt ſhore; all this concurring with the reflections of his being at ſuch a diſtance from home, filled him with ſenſations that he had never before felt. As he looked round amidſt this terror and uncertainty, he eſpied a ſmall farm-houſe peeping forth from a grove of old trees. After a ſhort deliberation, he reſolved to follow a path that ſeemed to lead thither, and paſſing thro' ſeveral lonely dells ſhaded with beeches, and overrun with wildflowers he arrived at a wicket that opened into a ſhrubbery; the oppoſite plants intermitting their branches, caſt a gloom very pleaſing to the immagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into caſcades, now glittered through the leaves at a diſtance, and now meandered cloſe by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the ſhrubs ſuddenly opening on one ſide, diſcovered a little ſtream daſhing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diverſified by the clods of turf and ſtems of bruſhwood that reſiſted its current. A ſeat in the oppoſite ſide of the walk ſeemed to invite him to contemplate the beauties of the ſcene; ſo he accepted its offer, and reſting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raiſing his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall.

He had not continued long in this poſture, when he heard the ſound of a harpſichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was pathetic in the higheſt degree, & tho' he could not diſtinguiſh the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the ſcene, had a ſtrange effect upon him: for his conſtitution was naturally very warm, and his feelings were always awake to muſic. The ſound preſently ceaſing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inſpired.

He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an inſtrument on which he excelled, he raiſed it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the ſtranger checked his deſign, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately roſe up, and ſtealing along the walk, preſently entered on a circular graſs-

plot planted round with the evergreen, in the entrance of which ſtood a ſmall ſtone temple.

A myrtle had ſpread its branches over the front of the building, and a jeſſamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in feſtoons on each ſide. On the prize was this inſcription: DEDICATED TO SENSIBILITY. As this ſeemed to be the place from whence the ſounds, which ſtill vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth heſitated whether he ſhould not return, but concluding from the ſilence that the perſon to whom he was indebted for them had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door.

The walls in the inſide were ſtuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn in which grew a ſenſitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the ſlighteſt touch and ſhrinking from the ſofteſt breath of air. On the urn were theſe words, from Sterne: *Eternal Fountain of my feelings, 'tis here I trace thee!* A harpſichord ſtood open on one ſide, and a book lay upon it.

Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of Emma Corbett, and opened at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where ſhe had left the remains of a huſband and a brother ſhe addored, meets her aged father at his door, ſupported by his ſervant, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died diſtracted.

The paſſage affected Melmoth, and it ſeemed to have affected ſomebody elſe, for he thought he ſaw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthuſiaſm, and ſtruck off the beautiful combination of ſounds he had juſt heard.

He had ſcarcely replaced the book, when a young lady paſſed by the window with a baſket of fruit in her hand. She was dreſſed in a plain white muſlin night-gown, with a bonnet of the ſame, and there was an elegance in her form which ſtruck him.

She preſently came back, and ſtooping down to bind the broken ſtalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to pleaſe than to dazzle; her features had ſuch a ſoftneſs and ſweet delicacy in them that they were loſt at a diſtance; and there was a ſweetneſs mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not ſtriking, but a pleaſing expreſſion is ſuperior to the fineſt in the world.

Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he know then, but he thought he ſaw ſomething in her countenance which made him wiſh to be acquainted with her.

The god of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are ſo light that the victim is a captive when he leaſt ſuſpects it; and his arrows are ſo finely pointed, that the wound is deepeſt when it is felt the leaſt. As ſoon as ſhe was out of ſight he left the apartment, and turning down the dark walk on the other ſide, ſoon came to a little rocky cavity over ſhadowed by the brown foliage of an oak which grew at its entrance.

A ſeat had been hewn out of the rock on either ſide, and a ſpring which guſhed from a corner of the roof at the other end, trickled down with a ſoft lulling ſound, and running directly acroſs the floor, entered the rock on the oppoſite ſide.

Melmoth ſat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin which had been drawn thither by the ſound of his feet, hopped confidently in, bnt when it ſaw him flew immediately out again.

"And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" ſaid he, bending down and ſtreching out his hand, "though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, but would cheriſh you for her ſake." As he ſaid theſe words he roſe up and continued his ramble until he arrived at an opening in the wood, that preſented him with a diſtant view of the lake and its iſlands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the ſoft light of the evening.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY

Of Mr. FENNEL—Tragedian.

FROM "THE THESPIAN MIRROR." (N.Y.)

DESCENDED from a family of the firſt reſpectability, in London, Mr. FENNEL received a liberal education, and was originally intended for the purſuit of the Law: but a ſtrong predilection for the *ſtage*, induced him early to reſign his BLACKSTONE for the more attractive pages of SHAKESPEARE: and his theatrical paſſion being indulged without the conſent of his friends, whoſe prejudices were equally invincible on the one ſide, as his on the other, he ſelected *Edinburgh* as being diſtant from his reſidence, for his firſt theatrical eſſay, where he performed in 1787, the parts of Jaffier, Othello, &c. with great applauſe, and under the aſſumed name of *Cambray*.

Mr. FENNEL'S great and unexpected ſucceſs at Edinburgh, induced him to contemplate a ſucceſsful reception at London, to which place he ſoon after returned. On his arrival here, he called on Mr. HARRIS (without introduction of any kind)....but having opened his buſineſs, and recited a few paſſages of dramatic compoſitions before this gentleman, Mr. HARRIS was ſo highly gratified by theſe ſpecimens of his ability, that a night was immediately fixed for his *debut* at *Covent Garden*, where he ran through his principal characters with much ſucceſs; but ſtill retaining his fictitious name.

The increaſing fame of Mr. FENNEL, induced the mannager of the Edinburgh Theatre to wiſh his return to their ſtage, where he had proceeded, and was announced to open with the character of Jaffier, and the gentleman who had formerly repreſented it (Mr. Wood) was fixed for Pierre; but enraged at the exchange, though the characters have ever deemed equally good, Mr Wood complained of the injuſtice of the manager (probably from motives of envy to Mr. Fennel) to his friends. Loaded with invectives by the Plebian critics of the town, he was called upon to make an humiliating apology, which he would not ſubmit to; a law-caſe enſued on both ſides, which laſted a long time, but was of more *expence* to all parties, than *profit* to any....if we may except the *lawyers*.

Immediately after this ſingularly infamous affair, Mr. FENNEL quitted the ſtage in that city with indignation, and played a ſhort time at York, but in 1789, he returned to London, where he reſumed his ſituation with much ſucceſs, at Covent Garden. He afterwards engaged in a periodical publication, called the "Theatrical Guardian," and produced a comedy entitled "Lionel and Chara, or the Britiſh Officer;" which has been frequently performed, and was printed 1791.

Not long after this, Mr. FENNEL was engaged by the late Mr. WIGNEL, at his *New Theatre* in Philadelphia, and met with great ſucceſs. He has ſince performed at the various Theatres on the continent; but, for ſome reaſons unknown to us, (a circumſtance to be lamented by all lovers of the drama) Mr. FENNEL, about two years ago, took leave of the ſtage, and has ſince appeared only occaſionally. He is now engaged in an extenſive eſtabliſhment of *Salt Works*, the plan of managing which, he has brought to great perfection.

Mr. FENNEL'S deportment is graceful.... his perſon majeſtic....his face admirably calculated for the ſtage....his action eaſy and judicious....his utterance diſtinct and natural....He excels in the more weighty characters of the Drama; his maſter-piece is "OTHELLO, *Moor of Venice*." His manners are poliſhed, and his underſtanding refined.

Mr. FENNEL'S reſidence is near New-London. He is now on a viſit to this city, and we are happy to hear that he has been prevailed upon to run thro' his principal dramatic characters in a few days, on our ſtage.

RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

THE rapid increaſe of the Collection in the *Columbian Muſeum*, in *Natural Hiſtory*, and Productions of the *Fine Arts*, together with the approbation of the Public—bid fair for the reimburſment to the Proprietor, of the great expenſe he has incurred ſince his re-eſtabliſhment. It is frequently viſited by perſons of the firſt taſte and faſhion.

BOSTON THEATRE.

This evening HEARTS OF OAK, and LODOISKA.

POETRY.

"*The mind to* Virtue *is by* VERSE *subdu'd,*
"*And the* TRUE POET *is a* PUBLIC GOOD."

FOR THE FLY.

SEE on yon hill, that rears its head,
Above that cottage, where
Many a mortal's earthly bed,
Lie ſcatter'd here and there.

There ſtands a church whoſe mould'ring walls,
With moſs now overgrown ;
The ſeat of owls whoſe nightly calls
Are heard on yonder down.

With many a fearful ſtep I trod,
The manſions of the dead,
And as I gaz'd on each green ſod,
A voice unto me ſaid,

"Young man beware the road to ſin,
And ſhun each tempting vice,
The awful ſtate that I am in,
Prompts me to give advice.

Some thirty years ago, I liv'd
And breath'd, as thou doſt now,
But ſin that murderer contriv'd,
To bring my ſoul thus low.

I am compell'd by heaven's juſt doom,
This puniſhment to bear.
For e'er death cropp'd my youthful bloom,
Repentance came not near."

Thus ſpake the voice and died away,
But linger'd through the grate,
And furthermore it ſeem'd to ſay,
"Beware my dreadful fate!"

Then let me all my actions guard,
And from all ſin keep free,
That I may meet that ſure reward,
When time no more ſhall be.

J. H. S.

FOR THE FLY.

LINES

Written while attending a ſick parent in the country.

ALAS! for me no cheering ſmiles appear!
Thoſe halcyon hours when mutual love inſpir'd
The female breaſt, and made our circle* dear,
Are fled with every joy I then deſir'd.

Too true the tyrant Care uſurps that right,
Which I to ſacred Peace would dedicate;
And with her haggard viſage e'er in ſight,
Throughout my ſoul unnumber'd pangs create.

Far from thoſe confidential, generous friends,
Who know to pity and to ſympathize,
I grieve, nor know one here who comfort lends
To ſoothe my cares, or dry my weeping eyes.

Yet ſtill I feel that duty bids me ſtay,
To nurſe a parent feeble, ſick and weak;
To her declining years in part repay
What ſhe for me had done ere I could ſpeak.

The oſtentatious ornaments of dreſs,
And wealth and fame to me have loſt their charms,
And when our female circle I addreſs,
My tears will flow and drive me from their arms.

O, may the fates to me propitious prove,
Grant me the boon of bliſsful hope to feel,
And from my mind the ſombre ſhade remove
Of gloomy Care, and make my parent well.

DULCIRENE.

* *Alluding to a Female Society in the village.*

THE QUACK AND SOLDIER.

A QUACK and a ſoldier once held a debate,
Concerning the merits of each in the ſtate;
The ſoldier alledg'd, in defence of his cauſe,
His blood had been ſhed in ſupporting the laws;
His country might thank him, and gratefully own,
The merits of ſoldiers, deſerving a throne.
Hold, hold, cried the doctor, thy merit's but ſmall,
Thou has kill'd a few foes and that gives thee all;
But then my good friend I would have thee to know,
True honour conſiſts in FORGIVING A FOE.
The ſoldier was ſilenced; but quitting his ſide,
Began to relate, with an aſpect of pride,
What ſeiges he'd fought at, what battles had won.
What ſcores he had ſlain and what numbers undone;
Still eager for conqueſt and juſt like a quack,
The doctor drew near and renew'd the attack:
I own I'm no ſoldier to glitter in arms,
My art is to kill and yet cauſe no alarms;
By lotions and balſams for burnings and cuts,
By cordial for coughs, or keen pain in the guts;
By noſtrums ſpecific, by drop and by pill,
Where thou ſlayeſt one, I my twenty can kill.

MODERN LOVE.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The fineſt form, or faireſt face;
Shape, bloom, and features I deſpiſe;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wiſe.
Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thouſand joys from wealth that ſpring;
Oh, bring the deeds of thine eſtate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.
Still keep unſeen thoſe auburn locks,
And yield thy treaſure in the ſtocks;
Oh, hide that ſoft, that ſnowy breaſt,
And give, inſtead, thy iron cheſt.
Thy guineas ſhame the bluſhing roſe,
Which in thoſe cheeks unheeded blows;
Too ſweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and ſcrip.

A LADY's STUDY.

TO *Cloe*'s ſtudy ſhall we go?
(For ladies have their ſtudies too)
Oh what a ſplendid ſight is there!
'Twould make the dulleſt hermit ſtare.
There ſtands, arrang'd in proud array
Each *French* romance, each modern play,
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole hiſtories of eyes and hearts,
But oh! view well the outward ſcene,
You'll never need to look within:
What *Cloe* loves ſhe plainly ſhows,
For lo! her very books are beaux.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A CLERICAL gentleman, remarkable for preaching many Sundays from one text, had nearly run through the year from theſe words, *Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever.* The church bell tolled early one morning. Mr. Miniſter diſpached a ſervant to enquire who was dead. The ſexton pretended ignorance, but returned for anſwer, "That he believed it was *Peter's wife's mother*, as ſhe had been ſick for ſome time."

A POOR Weſt-India Negro, employed as a domeſtic in the houſe of his maſter, who had purchaſed him, having bought a trifling article of a negro fellow, who had procured it by clandeſtine means, was detected with the property about him, and therefore ordered, by his maſter, to be ſeverely whipped. After he had received the puniſhment, he ſaid to the officer who had inflicted it, "Why you no flog white man?"—"So we do," anſwered the officer, "when they buy ſtolen goods, knowing them to be ſtolen"—"There ſtands my maſſa; why you no flog him, as you flog poor me?—*he buy me—he knew me ſtole.*"

A COUNTRYMAN ſowing his ground, two ſwart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an inſolent air, Well, honeſt fellow, ſaid he, 'tis your buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, 'Tis very likely you may, for I am ſowing hemp.

AN Indian chief being aſked his opinion of a caſk of Madeira wine, preſented to him by an officer, ſaid, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he ſaid, he could talk forever, and fight the devil.

AN Engliſh gentleman travelling to France, made choice of an abbot, as wicked as himſelf, for the companion of his pleaſures. One of his countrymen told him, that though the abbot and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair of going to the devil together!

IN a great ſtorm at ſea, when all expected to be caſt away, they went to prayers; in the midſt of their devotion, a boy fails a laughing. The captain aſked him, What he meant by it? Why truly, ſir, ſaid he, I laugh at that man's fiery noſe there, to think what a hiſſing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.

A FEW years ago when the river Delaware was frozen, a number of booths were erected on the ice, near one of which an Iriſhman obſerving a perſon to fall in, ran immediately to the proprietor of the booth and informed him he had juſt ſeen a man enter his celler, and adviſed him to take care of his liquor.

AN Iriſh ſervant being aſked, a few days ago, if his maſter had ſet out for Cheltenham, anſwered, "that his maſter did not intend to go to any of the *watering* places, till he had drank all his *wines*."

Dr. Kennicott, of Oxford, remarkable for his love of good eating, having diſcovered a remarkable fine fig upon a tree in the garden belonging to his colledge, was determined to appropriate it to himſelf, and for that purpoſe, (as it was not quite ripe) faſtened a piece of paper upon it, on which he wrote, "*Dr. Kennicott's fig.*" One of the fellows of the colledge obſerved it, and being a punſter, eat the fig, and in its place, wrote on another paper, which he hung there, "*A fig for Dr. Kennicott.*"

AN *Iriſh* volunteer corps, in the country of Leitrim, lately offered their ſervices to any part of the world, or ELSEWHERE.

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